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INFORMATION

FOR

ARMY MEETINGS



SEPTEMBER, 1864.

PHILADELPHIA:

JAMES B. RODGERS, PRINTER, 52 & 54 NORTH SIXTH STREET.

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THE WORK IN THE ARMY.

Work in the Southwest.

Rev E. P. Smith, who has charge of the work of the U. S. Christian Commission in the Departments of the Cumberland, the Ohio, and the Tennessee, sends a full and valuable Report from his field. We present some interesting extraets:

LOUISVILLE,

The entrepot of the Field. Labor—marketing for orders from Nashville—Providing for Diet Kitchen (5 of them) and work in hospitals for 6000 or 7000 men, and receiving and forwarding delegates. It is becoming more and more important. Mr. Sedgwick and wife will undoubtedly make improvements in the home and in the work generally. All our stores, execept those by Adam's Express, are now received and re-shipped at this office.

NASHVILLE,

The base of supply for the Army. All stores are received at this office, and distributed by invoice to the stations further on. We have two Store Rooms, and one of the largest dwellings in town. Delegates report here for duty, and are always in a hurry for the front. I find it difficult to keep a supply of men for this post.

We have work for six delegates. Five Diet Kitchens in general hospitals at this post—8000 men in hospital—we accommodate from twenty to fifty delegates and agents at our quarters. Our stores are now averaging one and a half car loads per week shipped to Chattanooga and the front, besides those distributed here and along the line to Chattanooga, through Decatur and Huntsville.

We have for use here, one package Express wagon, one buggy, one horse and three cows. I am negotiating for two more horses for saddle and buggy. We can *ordinarily* get an ambulance for any special use, and *always* a Government wagon, or any number needed for hauling stores.

The Diet Kitchens involve a large increase of labor, and outlay of stores at this Post. We hold ourselves ready to supply what the Government cannot furnish, and have purchased, in market here, delicacies, such as Chickens, Berries, Tomatoes, Peaches and Apples quite freely during July and August. I shall send you this Hospital Account for these months on the 1st of September.

Our religious work at this post is mostly in hospitals and the Military Prison. There are no camps of posted men or convalescents here at this time. The Exchange barracks, opposite our Rooms, give us still an open field for distribution, and prayer and preaching meetings daily. Our Daily Prayer Meeting has been moved from the Second Presbyterian Church to the McKendry Chapel, near the centre of the city, and on Ch. St., the thoroughfare for soldiers. It is rarely a meeting without peculiar interest. There are fifteen thousand Quarter Master's

men at this post, most of them hardened men, and ungodly to excess. We have three preaching appointments weekly among them, and a distribution of Reading.

CHATTANOOGA,

Now the base for the "Front," connected by rail with the army before Atlanta. Cars run to the bank of the Chattahoochie, five miles from Atlanta.

Here Mr. Lathrop, an Episcopal clergyman from Lancaster, Ohio, is in charge, and has general supervision of the work as far distant as Marietta, Ga., where Chaplain Critchfield, acting for Lawrence in his absence, directs the work, as also that in the corps and field hospitals in the army before Atlanta.

Our store room and reading and writing room has been exchanged for one much better.

The work at Chattanooga is now largely in hospitals, and in Exchange Camp;—six delegates can be kept constantly employed. The office and store room are kept by detailed soldiers under Mr. L's. constant supervision.

We have here four diet kitchens, and in different positions five chapel and Christian Commission hospital tents.

Two horses and a heavy express wagon help out our transportation at this point. Col. Stanly, the post commander, gives every facility in his power. But we are unable to draw forage or purchase of Government, and, consequently, our animals are expensive. But, fortunately, they are *few* and *small*.

The Ohio and Indiana *State* agents work with us in the utmost cordiality, and oftentimes we can fill a car

together. This is true of Nashville, as well as Chattanooga.

MARIETTA, GA.,

Twenty-five miles from Atlanta,—a charming town, and will be held for hospital purposes. We have assigned to us for store room, and reading and writing, a large and commodious building, and for quarters one of the prettiest cottage residences in the place—the parsonage for the Presbyterian Church, the occupant having fled with his flock. This is now head-quarters for the agent at the front, and from four to six delegates can be employed.

VINING'S STATION, GA.,

Near the banks of the Chattahoochee river—the present site for the General Field Hospitals of the Army. Each Department—Cumberland, Tennessee, and Ohio—has here its hospital in tents, for receiving wounded and sick from the army before Atlanta. Mr. Critchfield has this in charge, and uses the delegates as best he can with the difficulties for quarters and transportation. At Marietta and this station we have two horses and a Georgia wagon. But it is with extreme difficulty that the animals can be kept up, for want of forage. Chaplain Critchfield, *as chaplain*, draws for two horses—his own, and one of ours which I have given to him.

Our work in following up the army has been, in the main, satisfactory. At the first we were partially refused admittance within the lines, and could not, therefore, make any provision for going on with our organized system of labor. We have fallen in for labor wherever we could. The Sanitary Commission have allowed us to draw freely from them in the field,—much more freely

than at their stations. Dr. Reed, the General Agent, told me at the front that he should take it as a personal favor if our men would take their stores, and see that the men got them. Now we are shipping much more freely of all our stores, and are able to put more into the hands of the delegates who go to the trenches and front hospitals. We have now thirty delegates, besides the agents in the field, this side of Louisville. Could use ten or fifteen more to advantage.

Our reading is in fair supply, and comes by express ordinarily up to date. Adams' Express comes *freely* for us to any station in the army where they have an office. We send regularly on the mail train through that Company two boxes per day to Chattanooga, or any station this side, and packages of papers in all directions at any time. Through Chaplain Thomas we are putting a choice library into every permanent hospital in the army. The cost will be \$2,500 or \$3,000, for which I draw on Cincinnati. I have also ordered a copy of the New York Evening Post, weekly, for every twelve men in hospital, to go by mail direct from office of publication to each hospital. This, also, is provided for by Cincinnati.

We have sixteen diet kitchens established, and two more to begin in a few days. Two ladies are employed in each kitchen, and receive twenty dollars per month each. This expense is also provided for by Cincinnati.

We have thirteen detailed soldiers, who are put out of active field service by decision of their surgeons, and turned over to us. In many cases they are just as efficient as any men we could hire for the work to which they are put. They are without expense to us, except we furnish them clothing out of our store.

LETTER PAPER.

One thousand reams of paper, for distribution to the soldiers in the army of the Cumberland, have been sent by the Cincinnati Branch of the Christian Commission since their last report.

For the winter campaign we shall need a large increase of chapel roofing, and at least four more permanent agents—viz., one for each of the seven Corps Headquarters,—one for Chattanooga, one for Huntsville, three for Nashville, two for Louisville, seven for Corps—fourteen in all.

Stores sent from the Central Office.

Hospital Stores forwarded for distribution from Central Office, Philadelphia, during the month of August, 1864:—

3,870 Shirts.	36 Collars.
2,985 Pairs Drawers.	66 Neck-Ties.
5,060 “ Socks.	530 Sheets.
580 “ Slippers.	192 Quilts and Spreads.
6,790 Handkerchiefs.	1,435 Pillows.
115 Dressing Gowns.	670 Pillow Cases.
50 Bed “	188 Blankets.
80 Coats.	12 Bed Ticks.
62 Vests.	240 lbs. Tea.
54 Pairs Pants.	255 “ Coffee.
43 Caps.	115 “ Cocoa.
26 Straw Hats.	1 Tub Butter.
55 Pairs Shoes.	2 Boxes Cheese.
1,472 “ Suspenders.	300 lbs. Dried Rusk.

500	“	Condensed Beef,	200	Bottles	Oat Meal.
		(in cans.)	40	Jars	Tamarinds.
150	“	Dried Beef.	1,200	Bottles	Blackb. Root
200	“	Roast Mutton, (in			Syrup.
		cans.)	1,332	“	Blackb. Syr.
100	“	Roast Veal, (in	132	“	Lemon do.
		cans.)	120	Bottles	Ass't Fruit do.
1,440	“	Roast Chicken, (in	300	“	Flavoring Ex-
		cans.)			tracts.
500	“	Assorted Meats,	18	Boxes	Lemons.
		(in cans.)	5	“	Oranges.
1,390	“	Beef Tea.	1,220	Cans	Tomatoes.
1,700		Cans Condensed Milk.	1,815	“	Assorted Fruits.
24	“	Sardines.	2,125	“	Peaches.
2,025		lbs. Corn Starch.	4,835	lbs.	Dried Apples.
1,675	“	Farina.	100	“	Prunes.
800	“	Sugar.	130	“	Broma.
86	Bbls.	Crackers.	200	“	Dried Currants.
18	“	Cakes.	465	“ “	Fruits, (as-
100		Loaves of Bread.			sorted.)
15	Dozen	Eggs.	2	Boxes	Cranberries.
60	lbs.	Assorted Spices.	425	Bottles	Blackb. B'ndy.
200	“	Rice.	155	“	Plain do.
12	Cans	Sago.	62	“	Whisky.
2,416	“	Jellies.	1,080	“	Wine.
1,280	Galls.	Ass'ted Pickles.	284	“	Porter.
12	Bottles	Horse Radish.	20	“	Cider.
25	“	Cider Vinegar.	6,930	“	Jam'a Ginger.
70	“	Raspberry do.	340	“	Cologne.
25	“	Catsup.	56	“	Bay Rum.
20	“	Honey.	328	“	Rubi Velosi.

1,158 Pads.	845 Fans.
250 Ring Pads.	12 Quarts Ink.
623 Arm Slings.	10,350 Quires Paper.
200 Thumb and Finger Stalls.	95,000 Envelopes.
50 Boxes of Lint.	2 Gross Pens.
10,834 Rolls of Bandages.	160 Pin Cushions.
1,000 lbs. of Rags.	20 Papers of Pins.
850 Pairs Crutehes.	118 Musquito Nets.
50 lbs. Sponge.	100 " Frames.
20 Eye Shades.	150 Canes.
12 " Baths.	1 Box Pipes.
16 Hop do.	45 lbs. Tobaccco.
34 Medicated do.	150 Canes.
2,395 Towels.	14 Chairs.
517 Housewives.	50 Haversacks.
1,387 Comfort Bags.	12 Slates.
186 Hop Bags.	100 Slate Pencils.
154 lbs. Soap.	335 Boxes Assorted Hos- pital Stores, not in- cluded in the above.
890 Combs.	

Work in Gen. Butler's Army.

The following letter from J. R. Miller, Field Agent, presents a clear view of the work done, and the manner of it, both in the Field Hospital and in the front of Gen. Butler's Army:—

OFFICE U. S. CHRISTIAN COMMISSION, }
Nineteenth Corps, Point of Rocks, August 31st. }

REV. W. E. BOARDMAN, *Secretary*: Dear Brother—
Last week we moved our hospital from the place where

you found it on the occasion of your last visit, and our base and front hospitals consolidated are now located at Point of Rocks, on the Appomattox. You remember the spot. It is a beautiful location, and we will welcome the change. The locality has also a historical interest, as being the reputed scene of the rescue of Capt. Smith by Pocahontas.

The front and base hospitals have been temporarily consolidated, and the consolidated hospital is now under the direction of Dr. Storrs. His executive officer, Dr. Munn, is a gentleman of polished manners and fine taste. Having been a practical engineer, he has combined his professional skill and cultivated taste in the arrangement of the hospital tents and grounds, and when his work has been completed, he will have a model establishment, not only for order and beauty, but also for comfort.

There are now about two thousand patients in the hospital. Our establishment here consists of our chapel tent for store-room, one chapel-fly for sleeping tent, one for religious services, one wall-tent for warehouse, and one for office. I have only eight delegates at present, though I should have at least ten. Here is my mode of work in the corps and hospital. Early in the morning, six or seven delegates go in a two-horse wagon to the front, carrying with them a good quantity of reading matter and hospital stores—for every regiment at the front has a number of patients in its regimental hospital. These delegates all spend the whole forenoon in one or two brigades, taking the troops in their order on the line. They aim to see every man as they go, and either give him something or speak a kind word to him. This "front" work I deem very important, even more so than.

the hospital work; and I have always aimed to keep it up as regularly as practicable. We have dinner at half-past twelve. From noon till half-past two are resting hours. From half-past two till half-past five, they spend in the hospital. Each delegate has four or five wards. In this visit no services are held. The delegate passes through his wards, speaking a word to every man, relieving his wants, as far as possible, but making the visit as far as practicable a pastoral one. After tea, he holds a brief religious service in each ward, and thus close the day's labors. The work goes on thus from day to day, and a more delightful success could not be expected. All the delegates are in the best of spirits, and *all are hard workers*. At night all are weary, and sleep is welcome, but morning finds all refreshed, and ready and anxious to begin a new day's labors. At the front on this part of the line, there is no picket firing, so that we can visit every part of the line safely, and see the men at their work. This adds greatly to our work here, and enables us to make it complete and thorough. It is my aim to have every regiment visited at least once each week. In two days I intend to establish a station near the front, on the right, which will be of great utility to the men on the James.

In addition to the regular hospital here, we have a convalescent camp, which contains several hundred men. This is assigned to one delegate, who spends his afternoons among them, and in the evening holds a religious service. This part of the field is especially interesting, and gives promise of a great religious work. We will have service every evening in our chapel. I think that perhaps in many places undue importance has been given

to the sanitary work to the too great exclusion of the religious. My aim has always been to make the latter the grand object, the former in every instance being of but secondary importance, yet in all cases to receive its proper attention. A proper and discreet mingling of the two objects seems to be the grand idea on which our Commission is founded; and this idea is the same on which our Saviour labored while on earth. "He went about doing good," both "healing the sick" and "casting out devils."

J. R. MILLER, *Field Agent*.

Forty-Three Days' Delegate Service.

Rev. F. P. Monfort, of Greensburgh, Indiana, renders the following interesting report of his work and its incidents in the Army of the Potomac:—

STATISTICS.

Number of days occupied,.....	43
“ meetings conducted,.....	31
“ “ participated in,.....	5
“ sermons preached,.....	23
“ soldiers personally conversed with about their spiritual interests,.....	900
“ benefited by gifts of Hospital stores, or personal ministrations,.....	1,848
“ letters written for soldiers,.....	43
Distributed 322 Testaments, 72 Hymn and Psalm Books, 1,361 Soldiers' Books, Tracts about 4,000 pages, Pa- pers 2,725, Pamphlets 43.	

INCIDENTS.

As a Delegate of the U. S. Christian Commission, I occupied for six weeks a very interesting position in the field you cultivate, having vision of a "great whitening harvest," and of "laborers many" and busy, "sowing the good seed," and "thrusting in the sickle," and often under such grateful influence of sunshine and storm as to bring very near together the sower's toil and anxiety, and the reaper's song of rejoicing.

The Christian and the Inquirers.

My first half hour in Armory Square Hospital, Washington City, promised but little as to my own ability for, or usefulness in the service. It was spent in conversation with soldiers just in from "the front," severely wounded and suffering. Inhaling of necessity their fetid breath and the nauseous atmosphere of their putrid, undressed wounds, resulted in such physical prostration, that I had left not more than enough strength to enable me to rise and hurry from the place. Staggering to a vacant cot, and resting sufficiently to justify another effort, I addressed myself in turn to two young men in a different part of the ward—one of them a happy Christian, the other an anxious inquirer—the former having served the Saviour five years, nearly half that period in the Union army, and who considered his position in it the best he had ever known, for a sense of personal religious responsibility, for nearness to God, growth in grace, and usefulness to others in the practice of piety; the latter having a fond remembrance of home, the family altar, the Sabbath-school, and the sanctuary,—a

stranger as yet to saving grace, but under deep conviction of sin, and longing to "know the love of God in Christ Jesus" and the joys of his salvation. Here was, indeed, a refreshment of soul, as I heard from the lips of the one his experiences and observations, or rather what I considered "a narrative of the state of religion in his regiment;" or as I marked in the other the increasing anxiety, and the strengthening determination to find—as, not many days after, he did find—Jesus as his Saviour "precious" by faith,—yes, a refreshment extending also to the "outer man," nerving me for service among their "companions in tribulation," of which, but a moment before, I deemed myself so entirely incapable.

A Grateful German.

Passing from these, how the eye of a suffering German soldier kindled as it rested upon my badge, while, in the best English he could command, he expressed his appreciation of our enterprise! "Ah, das ish te Christian Commission. He's te pesht man in te army. Him safes my life. He comes rount when we lays in te wilderness, all two tays and two nights, ant no preat ant no vater, ant no Doctor, and shust piek um up all uv um, ant give um preat ant vater, ant nurse um. O, him so many, too—plenty of um—ant him Doctor heself, ant bring um to White House, ant bring um up here to te hospital. O, he so goot! He's te pesht man in te army. Him work shust like a nigger." And thus, what an introduction our badge offers to the confidence of those whose first sorrows, after the bloody conflict, have been assuaged by the Delegates on the field!

Soup and Testaments.

After some two weeks in Armory Square, wishing to see some wounded friends, I took occasion to labor for a day in Harewood Hospital. About 2 o'clock, P. M., weary and hungry, while on the way to the office where I had deposited my "cold snack," my attention was suddenly arrested by a very large woman, with a very large pair of lungs, and, as I presumed, a very large heart, calling out, "What are we to do, sir? Five hundred and fifty wounded soldiers, hungry and sore, just arriving from the front, and nobody to feed them soup?" "Madam, I'll help," said I, "and can probably furnish another assistant." Three of us undertook it. Ladling out soup in a hurry to such a number of hungry men were "hard work," had we not heard, as we did at almost every step, their appreciative exclamation, "Well, boys, here's the Christian Commission again! "O, don't that taste like home?" "We don't get such soup every day." "If it hadn't been for the Christian Commission down at Spotsylvania, some of us wouldn't be eating soup here to-day."

Soup finished, I resumed my haversack, distributing to the same men Testaments, soldiers' books, and tracts. Here was a new joy. These, while eagerly extending their hands, and crying out—"Christian Commission, give me one of those books, please;" "I'll take one, Christian;" "Good man, give me one, won't you?" "O, we're going to have something good to read again!"—while from the farther end of the tent came voices, "O, that Christian Commission is worth more to us soldiers, than all the other good institutions put together!"

"That's so, and they'll never get the pay they deserve this side of heaven."

These are mentioned because they were tokens of good, and I know that many a cord touched to gratitude by the bestowment of things needed in order to bodily comfort did not cease to vibrate, but, swept anew and more directly by the Spirit of God, had waked to sweeter strains in the song of Moses and the Lamb.

A Roman Catholic Christian.

I had frequent occasion to observe in the more youthful disciples of Roman Catholicism, an independence of thought and opinion in regard to religious interests, and as a consequence of this the exercise of fraternal feeling towards Protestants, with a willingness sometimes rising to desire to receive from them religious instruction and comfort. Of this somewhat numerous class J. C. was a type; and from him and others I learned to attribute the change, in part, to their long and intimate association in the army with Protestant Christians; and along with this, but paramount, to the influence of the religious literature and evangelical instructions furnished by the Christian Commission—during the toils of the campaign, or the tedium of "winter quarters," when the hungerings and thirstings of the soldier prompt to a ready acceptance of whatever is offered to supply the mind and heart. Said the sergeant, smilingly, as I approached his cot: "That's a noble badge you wear, sir. Your Christian Commission has done great things for us poor fellows." "Well," said I, "if you descend into the mine, don't you think we should hold the rope?" "That's what I call a *Christian* institution," said the sergeant. After

some inquiries as to his wounds and wants, I asked him if he was a Christian. He replied, "I suppose *you* would hardly consider me a Christian." "Well," said I, "it's very easily ascertained. Do you love God?" "Yes, sir, I do love him with all my heart." "Have you faith in Christ, trusting in him as *your* Saviour?" "Yes, sir, in Christ, and in nobody else." "Do you pray to God through Jesus Christ?" "Yes, sir, to God, and nobody else—through Jesus Christ, and nobody else." "Do you truly repent of sin, seeking pardon, acceptance, and salvation through the merit of Christ?" "Yes, through his merits only, only." "And do you find comfort in prayer and communion with God?" "Yes, sir, and a hope that's worth more to me now than all the world beside." "Well, if this be true," said I, "you must be a Christian. I don't know what else to call you." He wished me to come in often, and talk with him, which I did,—always finding him sociable, happy in mind, ingenuous, and as one knowing that he must finally "give account for himself," entirely free from seurrility in thought, opinion, and conduct.

Spiritual Labors and Fruits.

Quite a large proportion of the sufferers in my wards were Christians,—intelligent, comfortable Christians, waiting God's will;—many having become such since their connection with the army, not a few of these attributing the change, under God, to means and appliances furnished by the Christian Commission. There were others, who, similarly influenced, were already weighing the momentous interests of the soul; and others, again, who, so soon as the subject was proposed, though

hitherto careless, began to inquire, "What shall I do to be saved?"—and I cannot but believe that many, by the blessing of God's Spirit attending my labors, were brought to a saving knowledge of the truth. Some of them have since died in the triumphs of faith,—others still living, to "bear about with them the dying of the Lord Jesus," and rejoice more in "the honor that cometh from above," than in that with which their grateful country will crown them in view of the wounds received in its service.

W. F. S., of the 112th New York, spoke feelingly and gratefully of his pious mother, her prayers and Christian counsels. He now regretted his past life of carelessness, and felt unprepared for death, should his wounds prove fatal. He had long thought seriously, but was without an interest in Christ. He was exhorted to place his burden of sin on Christ, who had borne our sins and carried our sorrows,—that God only required of the dying sinner real repentance and genuine faith. And how could any sinner stay away from Christ, while the gospel declared that "God so loved the world," &c., that "who-soever believeth, might not perish, but have everlasting life?" This passage, and Paul's "faithful saying," were given him to study and pray over. But he could find no comfort until within a week of his death. Two days before death he told me he had the assurance of faith in Christ,—felt prepared and resigned. "I think," said he, "I should be happy if the messenger should come for me this moment." At length the solemn hour came; and, as natural vision failed him, the light of faith and hope grew strong, and clapping his hands together several times, he uttered his last words—"Glory to God! I shall soon be at rest."

Wm. Hamblin, Co. D, 5th Maine, suffering from amputation of a leg, I found next day—very, very feeble—no probability of recovery. He had been thinking of his sins, trying to repent, and come to Christ, but hardly knew whether he was forgiven and accepted or not. He evinced such childlike simplicity and sincerity—thought he loved the Saviour, and trusted in him for salvation. I inquired, “Do you pray?” He replied, “O, yes; I can’t pray as you do, but I try. I prayed twice to-day,—prayed a good long time, and it did me good, but still I’m in doubt.” “What did you say when you prayed?” “I asked God to pardon my sins, and save my soul.” “Did that prayer bring you any comfort?” “Yes, I think, some; but I want a more satisfactory assurance.” He was then referred to the Scripture encouragements to prayer and looking to Christ—“Ask, and ye shall receive,” &c.; “Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.” “While in all this God was requiring, ‘Son, give me thine heart,’—now, can’t you say with your whole heart, ‘Lord, save; I perish?’” His response was very earnest and emphatic: “Lord—save—I—perish;” “*Lord save, I perish.*” His attention was that of an almost dying man, while I dwelt for a time on the philosophy of God’s plan of mercy—spiritual, eternal life, for dying, hell-deserving sinners—by the sufferings and death of God’s well-beloved Son, so that God could be just, and yet justify the sinner—and now offering that salvation simply for the taking. “And how kind in God, not only that this salvation meets your ease as a sinner, but that his mercy meets your present condition, as you lie here, feeble in body and mind, while he comes and asks you to ‘receive the kingdom as

a little child.' Come to him, then, with the simple faith of a child in a loving parent—penitent for past sin—your heart open to just one interest—your soul filled with just one desire—and praying with prayer that takes no denial, ask God, for Christ's sake, to pardon and save you. Now, here's just what you need. Can't you make it your own, while you express it before God?

‘A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On Thy kind arms I fall;
Be Thou my strength, my righteousness,
My Saviour, and my all!’ ”

His eye fixed upon me with the searching anxiety of a hardened sinner, and every feature of his countenance indicating the encouragement derived from a new thought, he asked, “Won't you please say that again?” I did say it again; and O, it was touching to hear him, in tears, and with the imploring heart and voice of a child, coming back from his wanderings, repeating it after me—a line, or part of a line at a time, until he came to the closing line—“*My Saviour and my all,*” which was uttered with an emphasis warm from the heart, and then a sweet smile, as from a sense of acceptance, and “consolation in Christ Jesus,” rose to his face, and settled there, and he said to me, “That will do now.” Commending him to God, and to the word of his grace, I left his bed-side, cheered with the assurance that thus another new-born soul was being “guided by God's counsel,” soon to be “received to his glory.”

Christian Parents' Reward.

One of the most interesting of my hospital parishioners was W. P. S., of a Massachusetts regiment. Day

after day, as he lay suffering from severe wounds, yet quiet and uncomplaining, I had ministered to his physical comfort, and supplied him with religious reading matter, at the same time pressing upon his attention the concerns of his soul. He knew and acknowledged his sins and his danger, and seemed penitent from the first, with an increasing desire to know Christ as his Saviour. Pious parents had trained him through childhood and youth, and their prayerful interest he now remembered with pleasure. He understood the doctrines of grace—loved to read his New Testament, and to pray—had never engaged in battle without commending himself to God in prayer, but complained that he had not that faith which takes Christ at his word, appropriating him as a personal Saviour,—that though he had tried to give up all for Christ, he did not realize the comfort he desired, and did not know that he was accepted. It was then suggested that the sacrifice he offered was not incomplete, and he was urged to a careful searching of heart—to a deeper sorrow for sin—to an entire reliance on Christ as a Saviour “able and willing to save to the uttermost”—and to prayer, sincere, importunate prayer. “Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief;” “Lord, I am thine, save me;” “Lord, save, I perish;”—seeking also the aid of the Holy Spirit, to show him his heart, to help his infirmities, and to guide him into truth and to Christ. When I saw him again he was in a delightful state of mind. He “knew that he had passed from death unto life;” all doubts and fears were removed, and he was “rejoicing in Christ.” He gave me an account of the exercises of mind through which he had passed—the struggle—the victory—the peace,—and I could not but

rejoice with him that "the grace of God had appeared." The thought then occurred to me—"Well, this is too good to be kept. I must tell his parents all about it. He has just given me their address,"—when I was almost startled at hearing from his lips the exclamation—"O father! father! O father, I'm glad you've come!" I turned round, and there stood the father a few paces distant, motionless and powerless to speak or approach, the son still extending his arms, and uttering that endearing name in tones that told how deeply it was treasured in his heart. All eyes were turned upon the scene. Invalids, nurses, and visitors, gathered near. Silence, on the father's part, was at length broken by his utterance of—"William, I'm sorry to see you here." The heart of the son still yearning towards him—"O father, I'm so glad you've come—dear father! Father, come and shake hands." He took the chair I offered at the bedside, but was still too full of emotion to speak. Fearing injury to the invalid from the over-excitement, I remarked—"Your son wishes to shake hands. Shake hands with him." Curbing his emotions he leaned forward, and parent and child were clasped in a fond embrace, so sacred that all turned away and left them to themselves.

After awhile, I returned and sat with them, saying to the young man: "It's right pleasant to see your father, is it not?" "O yes,—*dear father!*" I then reminded the father of his expression as he came in—"William, I'm sorry to see you here,"—adding, "I know very well what you want, but I wanted to say that this is perhaps the best place you ever were in. I've been talking with him a good while this morning, and he's been giving his

first Christian experience. He has been telling me of yours and his mother's cares, and counsels and prayers in his behalf. He now says that he loves the Saviour. I think he is a Christian; and he had just given me your address, that I might tell you of it. Yes, I think this is one of the best places your son ever was in." He replied: "Perhaps so—I trust it is;" while his eyes met those of his son in a look of earnest inquiry, then of satisfaction, and I left them tearful in their joy.

An Anxious Inquirer.

Thomas Regan, Co. I., 1st South Carolina Regiment, wounded and taken prisoner, June 29th, in a picket skirmish near Coal Harbor, Va., was brought into our hospital in a suffering condition. Introducing myself as usual, by kind inquiries and offers of material comfort, I proposed the common query: "Are you a Christian?" His reply was: "No, sir! O no; I wish I were." "Is this wish a new thing with you?" "Well, yes, sir; it's a new thing as I now feel it—though I've always thought I ought to be a Christian, and that I would be some time; but somehow I never before realized fully my responsibility, and never could bring my mind to bear upon the subject properly. My parents are consistent Christians, and have always given me good advice, and shown their interest in my spiritual welfare; but, to my shame I say it, I have still continued careless. I am not a Christian." "But you now say that you desire to be, and that this desire is different from any similar feeling before exercised." "Yes, sir, I think it is." "Is sin *more felt* by you *now* as an evil and bitter thing on your part and an offence to God? and would you really wish the bur-

den removed?" "Yes, sir." "Well, can't you come to Christ, and can't you pray—'Lord, save, I perish?'" "I do try, sir; but somehow I can't do it right." "How do you account for your present state of mind? What has led you now recently to feel as you do?" "Well, sir, I'll tell you. After I was wounded and taken prisoner, and brought over to the White House, where we all lay out together, upon the ground, wrapped in our blankets, and while I was suffering greatly, away in the middle of the night, some one came along—it seems to me now like a dream. He had on a badge, I think, just like yours; probably he was a minister. Any how, he kneeled down just between one of your wounded men and myself, and prayed for him, and then for me. I suppose he must have known from appearances who I was, but I never heard such a prayer as he prayed so earnestly, *and prayed for the salvation of my soul*. It seemed *so strange* to me, and I thought, if an *enemy could pray for me thus*, surely I ought to pray for myself. I then thought of my past life—what a great sinner I had been—how ungrateful to God, and how unkind to my parents for their interest in me, their instructions and their prayers. I felt my responsibility that night as I had never done before, and indeed I've not lost sight of it a moment since—and I've been trying to pray, but it don't seem to do any good." He was in tears. "Well," said I, "you'll never secure salvation until you make God believe that you want it. Christ will never be your Saviour until you so realize the guilt of sin, and your own wretchedness and helplessness, as that you can come to him in deep penitence, crying, with your whole heart: 'God, be merciful to me, a sinner'—'Lord, save, I perish.'" He seemed

deeply moved, and in great distress, anxious for relief, asked me to pray for him, which I did; and many times during the ensuing fortnight I conversed with him, unfolding God's plan for saving sinners, and giving such counsels and encouragements as I could—his interest all the time increasing, his convictions deepening, his resolutions strengthening, and the way of life becoming clearer. "But this wicked heart of mine," said he—"there is the trouble. Do you think it is possible for God to show mercy to such a sinner?" "Yes," said I, "*to just such a sinner—a poor, lost sinner—for his son Jesus Christ was sent to seek and to save the lost—just such as you*, but you must more and more *see and feel* your lost condition and your unworthiness. Take this scripture—'This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation—that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom *I am chief*.' Seek the influences of God's Spirit in prayer, to enable you to study it, and understand it and apply it." There was an unusual smile upon his face, as I approached his bed some days afterwards, and a more than ordinary eagerness in grasping my hand, as in reply to my usual inquiry as to his physical health, "How do you do, to-day?" he said: "O, sir, it's all right now. I think I have found the Saviour." From the evidence he gave I thought he had met with a change of heart, and he expressed a determination to spend his days in the service of God.

The Indian Chief.

Daniel McKenna, an Indian chief of the Atawa tribe, from Bear Creek, Mich., a "sharpshooter" of the First Michigan regiment, lay in one of our wards, mortally wounded. While life was ebbing away, I questioned

him, through an interpreter, but could get no reply, till I inquired if he had ever seen a missionary? At this he opened his eyes, and, smiling, nodded assent, and repeated, in his way—"Mishnare—mishnare—umph—good." He seldom spoke or noticed any thing, but now he seemed to be pleased, and roused up. "Ask him," said I, "if he likes the missionaries?" He did so, and communicated the reply. "He says, 'Yes, he likes them first-rate; they are very good men; they teach schools and preach.'" "He says, 'he is a chief, and he is the man that sees to the house, and makes the appointments for them.'" "Does he know Jesus Christ as a Saviour?" "He says, 'yes, Jesus Christ is his Saviour.'" "Does he love Christ?" "He says, 'yes, he loves him with all his heart?'" "Does he ever pray?" "Yes, he has been praying to God, through Jesus Christ, ever since he was wounded." "Ask him if he is prepared to die?" "He says, 'yes, if God calls him to heaven, he'll go with him over there.'" "And so much, thought I, for the labors of our devoted missionaries. Their "labor is not in vain in the Lord." Neither is ours. And I enjoyed easting bread upon the water, in the hope of seeing it after many days—some of it, however, appearing much sooner than the promise led us to expect. Fraternally yours,

F. P. MONFORT.

THE PITTSBURG BRANCH.

A Summer Day's Treat to the Wounded.

The recent visit of W. P. Weyman, Esq., of the Pittsburg Branch of the Christian Commission to Nashville, was signalized by many pleasant things; amongst them a general treat to the wounded of watermelons.

It was August weather, suggestive of something, any thing, cooling and refreshing. Mr. Weyman bethought him of how grateful to the wounded heroes in the great western city of hospitals would be a prudent feast of watermelons. The surgeons were consulted. The markets were ransacked. Carryall and gunboat wagons were loaded until enough were gathered for all, and a liberal portion given to every man of the thousands for whom the surgeons judged it to be safe. The *Nashville Times*, after giving these facts, adds:

"Go in, boys! We would like to be there—always excepting the crutches, and long days and low diet, and hospital life generally."

Crutches

FROM THE WOUNDED TO THE WOUNDED.

Rev. E. P. Smith, Field Agent in the Army of the Cumberland sends the following touching statement to the Pittsburg Branch:—

NASHVILLE, TENN., AUGUST 10, 1864.

W. P. WEYMAN, ESQ.—*My Dear Sir*: I have sent you by express a package of crutches—a slight return

for the fifteen hundred your Commission has given through our office to the maimed that come hopping and hobbling in from the fights. And yet I think you will agree with me that my package of a dozen represents a heavier outlay than your boxes of a thousand and a half. Each one of those sticks has been cut and shaped by a man who has lost a limb or its use in the service. They are the representatives of battle-fields all along from Lookout Mountain to the hills that look down on Atlanta. We have hailed the boys on the streets trying to make their way along with them, and brought them into our office for a trade. It is delightfully refreshing to hear their remarks and see their satisfaction as they go hopping off, trying the new pair. One said to me, after I had taken his old ones in exchange: "That's a bad trade for you." I said, "No, I think not. If you can give that much of your leg (it was off above the knee,) we can give you the crutches, and have the best of the contract." He looked thoughtfully at the vacancy between the crutches, and said: "I never thought of it before, but that's so." "That was a mistake of yours."

I said to another man who came in on the longest pair of crutches, made of a paneled board, and the head wound with cloth and part of a suspender: "What's that?" He said: "Why, losing that leg." "Don't see how I could help it." "Easily enough," I replied; "just stay at home, as others have done." "I can't see it in that light," he said; and then, with a flushed face and flashing eye, and stamping those sticks on the floor, he said: "I would rather be here on crutches, than at home a Copperhead." He thanked me for the new ones, as they always do, and when I said it was he that was

giving and not I, he said it was not much that he could give, but he would like to give it over again, and the other leg, too, if it would help on the work. We need more crutches, and if you can pad them, it will add greatly to the comfort of this new means of locomotion to which so many fine young men are brought. If you will send us the crutch-heads, we can more easily get them to the field hospitals, and ordinarily the men will have little difficulty in fitting a stick.

Yours truly, E. P. SMITH.

The ladies of the Christian Commission in Pittsburg are busily engaged in padding these crutches, but are unable to keep pace with the demand. They appeal for more help. "Five thousand are needed for as many crippled heroes. Ladies, will you not help us? These men suffer willingly for us—they lose a limb, or are maimed and hobble to the rear on a board or extempore crutch, to be made glad by the kind offering of those who sympathize with them, and are willing to make a little sacrifice for their sake. Come, then, and help us. City Hall is open every afternoon, and there is plenty of work for willing hands. The crutches spoken of in the above letter can be seen at the hall."

Butter and Eggs.

Five hundred dollars' worth of butter and eggs weekly is bought at Louisville, Ky., and forwarded to Nashville, Tenn., paid for by the Pittsburg Branch, for use chiefly in the diet kitchens of the Christian Commission, in connection with the hospitals of the Army of the Cumberland.

Home Work and Stores.

From the full and satisfactory monthly report of the Pittsburgh Branch, the following statistics are gathered:

Cash receipts for the month of August, . \$5,176.51

Number of packages received, 124

The following articles were sent to our armies during the past month, and distributed by our delegates to the soldiers:

Shirts,	500	Lead Pencils,	118
Drawers, pairs,	418	Cans of Tomatoes,	1,240
Handkerchiefs,	977	“ Peaches,	1,080
Housewives,	482	“ other Fruits,	345
Arm Slings,	917	“ Beef Tea,	412
Rolls of Muslin,	892	lbs. of Dried Fruit,	2,159
Sheets,	74	“ Butter,	5,360
Pads,	577	Dozen Eggs,	2,100
Quilts,	54	Pickles,	42,000
Bandages,	1,448	Bbbs. of Onions,	25
Crutches, pairs,	253	“ Potatoes,	14
Combs,	430	“ Sugar,	3
Bottles of Wine,	260	“ Cabbage,	3
“ Brandy,	105	“ Beets,	5
“ Flavoring Ex-		“ Apples,	6
tracts,	345	“ Corn Starch,	3
“ Blackberry Cor-		Tin Cups,	500
dial,	46	“ Plates,	450
Library Books,	143	Papers, Pages,	84,932
Small Soldiers' Books,	2,366	Traets, “	18,205
Magazines,	542	Hymn Books,	640
Writing Paper, Reams,	25	Prayer “	820
Pens,	1,240	Testaments,	785
Ink Stands,	16	Envelopes,	5,100

The Subsistence Committee have very admirable refreshment rooms in the central part of the city. They have fed, during the month, thirty thousand soldiers.

The Ladies' Christian Commission meets every afternoon, at the City Hall, from 2 to 5 o'clock. The following work has been cut out and made up during the month:—292 shirts, 184 pairs of drawers, 370 handkerchiefs, 265 pairs of crutches covered, 834 arm slings, 110 bandages.

TESTIMONY.

An Ohio Committee.

THROUGH THE STATE AGENT AND GOV. BROUGH.

D. Rees and D. Blakeslee, sent to General Butler's Army to look after the welfare of the Ohio regiments, give to James C. Wetmore, the State Agent at Washington, a very interesting report, which, through Governor Brough, to whom it was transmitted, comes to us from Columbus, Ohio, through the *Cincinnati Commercial*. In it they take occasion to bear testimony as follows for the Christian Commission:—

“Fortress Monroe is the outlet from both Butler's and Grant's armies, and on this account is an important point for an hospital. This fact is fully realized by the Christian Commission, and, therefore, they have established their headquarters at this place, from which they can readily send supplies either up the York or James

rivers. Of the good work done by this Association we cannot speak in too high terms of commendation. Wherever we went we found them on hand, administering to the wants of the soldier, 'without money and without price,' not awaiting the formal order of unfeeling officials.

"Your committee has been forced to the unwilling conclusion that the most direct and sure channel by which supplies can reach the needy soldier, and at the same time much the cheapest, are State organizations and the Christian Commission."

The Soldiers' Estimate.

Rev. Abel Wood, of Meriden, N. H., sends the following testimony in his report of service as a delegate of the U. S. Christian Commission. It is to the point, and tells its own story. May we not join with the soldiers, and say, "God bless the Christian Commission?"

A Michigan soldier, in Carver hospital, said: "The soldiers value the U. S. Christian Commission almost above every thing;" he said also he did not know but he owed his life to it.

A private in the New Hampshire 9th regiment of volunteers, who is receiving \$16 per month, wrote home to his father to give \$5 of his money to the U. S. Christian Commission. That soldier has been sick but very little, but gives from what he sees of the work of the Commission. I brought the \$5 to your treasury.

A lieutenant in the same regiment, a careful man, said: "Should the U. S. Christian Commission be given up by the people, he believed the army would support it by their contributions."

A private said to me, "I believe the U. S. Christian Commission is doing more for the army than all the physicians." This may be a statement made hastily; but it shows how the soldiers feel.

By taking a little pains, I could give you a large amount of testimony of this kind: while, on the other hand, of testimony against the U. S. Christian Commission, I have yet to learn the first item.

The lightest testimony for the Commission is that of many a soldier to this effect: "To the U. S. Christian Commission, under God, I owe my hope of salvation through Christ."

For the beloved work of the U. S. Christian Commission, ever yours, truly,

A. WOOD.

Meriden, N. H., Aug. 19, 1864.

The New York Ministerium.

The following Resolution was adopted at the late meeting of the Evangelical Lutheran Ministerium of New York, held at Utica, N. Y., during the week beginning Sept. 3d, 1864:

WHEREAS, we have listened with great pleasure to the interesting and touching statements made by Prof. L. M. Stoecker, of Pennsylvania College, who has just returned from a visit to the front, and appears in our midst as a representative and delegate of the Christian Commission, and

WHEREAS, we are firmly persuaded that this Association, whose object is to minister to the temporal and spiritual wants of our soldiers, who are heroically battling for the restoration of peace, and union to our beloved

and distracted country, is calculated to accomplish an immense amount of good in ameliorating the sufferings necessarily connected with the desperate contest we are obliged to wage for the preservation of the precious legacy of civil and religious liberty bequeathed to us by our forefathers, therefore

Resolved, that we, the members of this ministerium, most cordially commend it to the people of our respective charges, and earnestly entreat them to give it their sympathy and hearty co-operation, wherever and whenever an opportunity is afforded them for this purpose.

HENRY L. POHLMAN, *President*.

GEORGE U. SCHMUCKER, *Secretary*.

R. ADELBERG, *Assisting German Secretary*.

Confidence of the Soldiers.

R. H. Tripp, of Hillsdale, Mich., who was a delegate in the Army of the Cumberland, says in his report:

“Personal conversation with the delegates of the U. S. Christian Commission cheers the men beyond expression, especially when the soldiers find such delegates from their own State. The soldiers have the utmost confidence in our men. So much is this the case, that wages, gold and silver watches, and all valuables, are brought to us to bring back to their families; our position being a guarantee to them that the trust will in no wise be betrayed.”

COMMUNICATIONS AND CONTRIBUTIONS

For the UNITED STATES CHRISTIAN COMMISSION may be sent to any of the following places, as may be most convenient, addressed to the persons designated.

- PHILADELPHIA.**—Letters to Rev. W. E. Boardman, Rev. Lemuel Moss, or Rev. Bernice D. Ames, 11 Bank Street; money to Joseph Patterson, at the Western Bank; stores to George H. Stuart, 11 Bank Street.
- NEW YORK.**—Letters and supplies to Nathan Bishop, 30 Bible House; money to James M. Brown, 59 Wall Street.
- BOSTON.**—Letters to Charles Demond, 4 Court Street; money to Joseph Storey, 112 Tremont Street, stores to L. P. Roland, Tremont Temple.
- PITTSBURG.**—Letters to Robert C. Totten; money to Joseph Albree, 71 Wood Street; stores to W. P. Weyman, 79 Smithfield Street.
- CINCINNATI.**—Letters to Rev. J. F. Marlay; money to W. T. Perkins, 17 West Third Street; supplies to A. E. Chamberlain, Rooms Christian Commission, 51 Vine Street.
- INDIANAPOLIS, IND.**—Letters to C. N. Todd; money to James M. Ray; supplies to G. W. Clippinger.
- CHICAGO.**—Letters to B. F. Jacobs, P. O. Box 5801; money to John V. Farwell; supplies to Rooms Young Men's Christian Association, Methodist Church Block.
- ST. LOUIS.**—Letters to J. H. Parsons, Daily Union Office; money to Edward Ticknor; supplies to Isaac S. Smyth, Christian Commission Office, under Lindell Hotel.
- DETROIT.**—Communications and money to C. F. Clarke, and supplies to E. C. Walker.
- BALTIMORE.**—Letters to Rev. J. McJilton; money to Rev. Geo. P. Hays; stores to G. S. Griffiths, 77 West Baltimore Street.
- BUFFALO, N. Y.**—Communications to Rev. S. Hunt; money to F. Gridley; supplies to John D. Hill, M. D.
- TROY, N. Y.**—Letters and money to F. P. Allen; supplies to J. H. Willard.
- HARRISBURG, PA.**—Communications, money and supplies to Rev. T. H. Robinson.
- ROCHESTER, N. Y.**—Communications, money and supplies to Oliver D. Grosvenor.
- WASHINGTON, D. C.**—Communications, money and supplies to William Balauntine, 498 Seventh Street, or Rev. J. J. Abbott, 500 H Streets.
- LOUISVILLE, KY.**—Communications, money and supplies to J. Edward Hardy, care of J. G. Dodge & Co., 325 Main Street.
- PEORIA, ILL.**—Money to Theo. Higbee; communications and supplies to William Reynolds.
- FREDERICK, MD.**—Communications, money and supplies to Gideon Bantz.
- HAGERSTOWN, MD.**—Communications, money and supplies to Rev. Mr. Evans.
- PORTLAND, ME.**—Communications and supplies to Thomas R. Hayes; money to C. Sturdivant.
- BANGOR, ME.**—Communications, money and supplies to T. G. Stickney.
- PROVIDENCE, R. I.**—Money to John W. Vernon; communications and supplies to Dea. W. J. King.
- BROOKLYN, N. Y.**—Communications to Rev. J. B. Waterbury, D. D.; supplies to W. S. Griffiths, and money to Samuel B. Caldwell.
- ALBANY, N. Y.**—Supplies to Thos. W. Olcott; letters to Levi Dedrick; money to Wm. McElroy.
- LAMBERTVILLE, N. J.**—Supplies and money to J. A. Anderson; letters to C. Pierson.
- WHEELING, W. V.**—Communications, money and supplies to R. Crangle.
- CLEVELAND, O.**—Letters to Rev. L. F. Mellen; money to S. H. Mather; supplies to Stillman Witt.
- ST. PAUL'S, MINN.**—Letters to H. M. Knox; money to D. D. Merrill; supplies to D. W. Ingersoll.
- SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.**—Letters to Rev. E. Thomas, 711 Mission Street; money to P. Sather, (Sather & Co.) supplies to J. B. Roberts.
- SACRAMENTO, CAL.**—Letters to Rev. J. S. McDonald; money to Dr. R. H. McDonald; supplies to Rev. N. R. Peck.
- STOCKTON, CAL.**—Communications and money to Rev. R. Happersett, D. D.

INFORMATION

FOR

ARMY MEETINGS.

In many places the fourth Sabbath evening of the month is devoted to a Union Monthly Concert of Prayer for the Army and Navy. The deepest interest has been excited by these meetings. It is humbly suggested to all who believe in the power of prayer, to form such meetings during the crisis of our nation's destiny. This tract is compiled with the view of affording information for these Army Meetings. Please circulate it.

NOVEMBER, 1864.



Officers:

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JOSEPH PATTERSON, Esq., *Treasurer.*

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- BALTIMORE.**—Letters to Rev. J. McJilton, D. D.; money to Rev. G. P. Hays; stores to G. S. Griffith, 89 & 91 West Baltimore street.
- BANGOR, ME.**—Letters, money and supplies to T. G. Stickney.
- BOSTON.**—Letters to C. Demond, 91 Washington street; money to Joseph Storey, 112 Tremont Street; stores to L. P. Rowland, Jr., Tremont Temple.
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- BUFFALO, N. Y.**—Letters to Rev. S. Hunt; money to F. Gridley; supplies to J. D. Hill, M. D. Commission Rooms at 41 Pearl Street.
- CHICAGO.**—Letters to B. F. Jacobs, P. O. Box 5801; money to John E. Farwell; supplies to Rooms Y. M. C. A., Methodist Church Block.
- CINCINNATI.**—Letters to Rev. J. F. Marlay; money and supplies to A. E. Chamberlain, 51 Vine street.
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- FREDERICK, MD.**—Letters, money and supplies to Gideon Bantz.
- HAGERSTOWN, MD.**—Letters, money and supplies to Rev. J. Evans.
- HARTFORD: Connecticut Branch.**—Letters to Rev. H. Powers; money to A. G. Hammond, Exchange Bank; supplies to Rooms of Ladies' Soldiers' Aid Society, 87 Asylum Street.
- HARRISBURG, PA.**—Letters, money and supplies to Rev. T. H. Robinson.
- INDIANAPOLIS, IND.**—Letters to C. N. Todd; money to James M. Ray; supplies to G. W. Clippinger.
- LAMBERTVILLE, N. J.**—Supplies and money to J. A. Andersou; letters to C. Pierson.
- LOUISVILLE, KY.**—Letters, money and supplies to J. Edward Hardy, care of J. G. Dodge & Co., 325 Maine Street.
- MILWAUKEE, WIS.**—Letters to D. W. Perkins; money to John A. Dutcher; stores to Walter S. Carter, care Dutcher, Ball & Goodrich, 103 E. Water St.
- NEW YORK.**—Letters and supplies to Dr. N. Bishop, Rooms U. S. C. C., 39 Bible House; money to James M. Brown, 59 Wall Street.
- PEORIA, ILL.**—Money to Theo. Higbee; letters and supplies to Wm. Reynolds. Rooms, 10 South Adams' Street (up-stairs.)
- PITTSBURG, PA.**—Letters to Robert C. Totten; money to Wm. Frew, James McCally & Co., 172 Wood St.; stores to Wm. P. Weyman, 79 Smithfield St.
- PORTLAND, ME.**—Letters and supplies to Thomas R. Hayes; money to C. Sturdivant.
- PORTLAND, OREGON.**—W. S. Ladd, Treasurer; of firm of Ladd & Tilton. Letters to Rev. G. H. Atkinson.
- PROVIDENCE, R. I.**—Money to W. Vernon; letters and supplies to W. J. King.
- ROCHESTER, N. Y.**—Letters, money and supplies to Oliver D. Grosvenor.
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- SAN FRANCISCO.**—Letters to Rev. E. Thomas, 711 Mission Street; money to P. Sather, (Sather & Co.) supplies to J. B. Roberts, 215 California St.
- TROY, N. Y.**—Letters and money to E. P. Allen; supplies to J. H. Willard.
- UTICA, N. Y.**—Letters, money and supplies to R. S. Williams, Treasurer Army Com. Y. M. C. A., Oneida Bank.
- VIRGINIA, NEV.**—Letters and money to Rev. Franklin Fisher.
- WASHINGTON, D. C.**—Letters, money and supplies to William Ballantyne, 493 Seventh Street, or Rev. J. J. Abbott, 500 H Street.
- WHEELING, W. V.**—Letters, money and supplies to R. Crangle.

INFORMATION

FOR

NOVEMBER MEETINGS.

Our Navy Work.

On my reaching the U. S. Christian Commission Rooms at Fort Monroe, November 1st, I was very hospitably received by Brother John A. Cole, to whom I gave the letter from you—per Rev. B. D. Amcs. He informed me that he needed one more ministerial delegate, to make out the requisite number, (7) seven, of Chaplains by U. S. Christian Commission, to the fleet of Transports for conveyance and exchange of prisoners, to proceed to Hilton Head, with such supplies for our released prisoners as your Commission may think proper to contribute.

Brother Cole, as general field-agent for the U. S. Christian Commission, asked me if I would go as Chaplain on one of the fleets; of course I said yes, and I was made Chaplain of the steamer transport "Blackstone," Captain Wm. C. Berry. In a few hours I was taken on

board, and in presenting my letter of introduction from Brother Cole to the captain, I was received as a noble sailor can do such things; with a hearty grasp, moved by a warm heart; and had my quarters assigned me in a state room immediately opposite his own, in the main saloon, always warm with coal fire, and lighted through the night,—with assurance of board, &c., while on the ship, *free of charge*. I felt that the U. S. Christian Commission was properly, princely recognized and treated by him; and I the more strongly resolved, the Lord being my helper, to do all the good I possibly could to him and his crew. That evening the Captain adopted and acted on my suggestion to have religious services each day, after supper: at 6.30 P.M., he, through the steward, called the crew—invited such as pleased to do so—to come to the service. Fourteen of the thirty-nine were present. I read part of a chapter of the scriptures, on nations serving, and being blessed of, the Lord; I then gave a fifteen minutes' discourse or homily on the same; sung a few verses; and prayed, closing with the Lord's prayer, many uniting with me in audible response.

The next evening about twenty were present, when I read and commented, sitting, on Matt. v. 1–7. Sung and prayed, repeating the Lord's prayer as before.

Yesterday I obtained fifty Hymn Books for the Army and Navy, published by the American Tract Society. Some of these I distributed among the officers, while pastorally visiting through the day, in their quarters; sung with them, and afterwards I was pleased to hear them singing sacred songs about the ship. We met in the evening about sixteen, although the weather was chilly and rainy; men wet, &c. through the day. We met,

and sung, all using the Hymn Books, making quite a congregational ehoir, singing in the Spirit. I then made a discourse for about ten minutes on Matt. v. 8; then prayed, all kneeling, and mostly uniting in Lord's prayer; we sung another hymn, closing with L. M. Doxology, and separated; some of the men taking Hymn Books for examination, and use, with them; also small books—"Peace Obtained" and "The Christian Soldier and Sailor;" also Testaments which they had used while I was reading and discoursing on the scripture lesson. We have no positive professors of religion, beside myself, on board, but the wives of some are such. The Captain's connections are Prot. Episeopal; and most of the crew are Roman Catholies. I have seen no lack of discipline, no disorder, or jangling on the ship. I pray and labor that they all may become "one in Christ Jesus," in experience and affection.

May the power and means, usefulness and glory of the U. S. Christian Commission, under the blessing of God, be ever on the increase; until not only this war is over; but the whole world redeemed and saved by our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.

Fraternally,

WM. H. TIFFANY,

U. S. C. C. Delegate,

Chaplain of the steamship "Blackstone."

OFF FORT MONROE, VA., 6 A.M., Nov. 4, '64.

Prayer-Meetings on a Monitor.

I spent one Sabbath on the Monitor Onondaga, which at that time was anchored in the James River, a little above Dutch Gap. I found there considerable reli-

gious interest. A prayer-meeting had been kept up about four weeks, which had increased in number from four to forty. Twelve arose for prayer the Sabbath evening I was there.

At the request of the Captain, who is a pious man, I organized a Bible Class on one of the turrets, and put it into the hands of the Ensign, who is also pious. The Captain appeared deeply interested in the religious welfare of his men, and also in the spiritual good of the whole fleet of the James, of which he is Divisional Commander. To use his own expressive language, he "desires to have the river James flow down with righteousness."

Western New York.

Each Conference Sends a Delegate.

The Branch Christian Commission for Western New York, has thus far proved itself successful. The average cash receipts since its organization have been one thousand dollars per week.

The East Genesee Conference of the M. E. Church, at its recent session in Elmira resolved to co-operate with this Branch, as their Pastoral charges are included in this field as marked out by the Society. We hope to hear of large reports from this conference. The following preamble and resolutions were unanimously passed and accompanied with a speech by Rev. S. Hunt, the Secretary, and warmly commended by Bishop Simpson, the President of the Conference:

WHEREAS,—The U. S. Christian Commission is engaged in a work of immeasurable importance, in supply-

ing the wants of the bodies and souls of the noble men who compose our army and navy,—a work whose success has given unmistakable proof that it has the unqualified confidence of the Christian public, and the approval of Heaven; and

WHEREAS,—The Parent Society at Philadelphia has organized a Branch of the Christian Commission for Central and Western New York, and Northwestern Pennsylvania, for the more effectual development of the resources of territory named; Therefore,

Resolved 1st, That we are highly gratified with the organization of the Branch Christian Commission for Western New York and vicinity, and pledge to it our hearty co-operation in carrying out the purposes of the U. S. Christian Commission.

Resolved 2d, That we will, if practicable, *keep one man from each District in this Conference, in the field as a delegate; and that we will supply the pulpits of such delegates in their absence.*

What a Little Organized Effort will Effect.

The Ladies' Aid Society of Lambertville, N. J., held its third anniversary on the evening of October 10th. The reading of the Annual Report of the organization developed some interesting facts connected with the modes adopted to excite and sustain true, faithful zeal in the cause of Christ and humanity in the army. During the three years of the Society's existence, its work in cash receipts, and the raising of stores, may be seen in the annexed figures:

	Cash.	Boxes, &c., and Stores.
First year.....	\$817 36	53
Second year.....	1343 53	152

Third year.....	1497 87	92
	<hr/>	<hr/>
	\$3658 76	297

No accurate statement can now be made of the value of stores contributed; but, all things considered, they must amount to several thousand dollars. Several noble delegates have gone forth from Lambertville, and its neighborhood. One of them, Mr. J. F. Silvers, was a martyr to the cause he served, dying of disease contracted while in the discharge of duty.

All told, Lambertville contains only three thousand inhabitants.

MORAL: Go thou and do likewise!

Maryland.

Our Liberated Soldiers.

BALTIMORE, October 17, 1864.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—It may be acceptable to the friends of the soldiers to know that we have just returned from a visit through part of our district, looking after the comfort of the sick and wounded. We went in company with Prof. Schaff, D.D., who had also just returned from City Point, where he labored as a delegate for the Christian Commission among our suffering braves.

We left Baltimore on the 5th instant, arrived at Annapolis the same day, and went directly to visit the Naval Hospital, under the charge of Dr. Vanderkief, a very successful surgeon. It contains two thousand patients, many of whom are paroled prisoners from Richmond.

They are in a very critical condition, consequent upon exposure and want of food. We were disappointed in not meeting our agent, Rev. J. O. Sloan, who, owing to much fatigue, had just left for Philadelphia, to recruit a few days. Rev. H. C. Henries, Post Chaplain, however, gave all necessary attention in conducting us through the various departments, and to the soldiers' chapel. Mr. H. was very active and courteous, and manifested a lively interest in all that concerned the comfort of the men.

Our special attention was claimed by the paroled prisoners; and, from their conversation, we were led to believe that many of their number have been won to enjoy the religion of the blessed gospel. The Christian Commission is a glorious mission, and does a noble work among the soldiers. It spreads a moral influence throughout the camp, in the hospitals and on the field, which cannot be reckoned. The delegates are at every military station, preaching the gospel, nursing the sick, and burying the dead; they feed the fainting soul in times of danger, as they do the helpless, hungry soldier on the battle-field. Time and labor is not measured while there is work to do; they are brothers to every brother, and fathers to every son in the army. We also visited St. John's Hospital, containing about five hundred patients, had an interview with Chaplain Hammond, and were much gratified with our observations. The management of these hospitals reflects much credit on those in charge: every means is used to ameliorate the suffering condition of the invalids.

The large amount of clothing and hospital-stores sent to Annapolis by the United States Christian Commission is faithfully and judiciously distributed by our agent,

Rev. J. O. Sloan, who has been laboring in behalf of the soldiers ever since the beginning of the war, and was the first on the field to minister to their wants after the great Battle of Gettysburg. Annapolis is the great landing-depot of all paroled prisoners from Castle Thunder, Belle Island, Tobacco Warehouse, and Libby Prison. They come in a distressing, filthy and ragged condition. After they are washed and clothed at Green Barracks, the sick are immediately conveyed to the hospitals, and those in stronger condition are sent to Camp Parole, about two miles from Annapolis. This post has been under the command of Colonel Root for the last fifteen months. He is a very efficient officer, a Christian gentleman, and highly respected by all, and every thing seems to prosper under his administration. The barracks have capacity to accommodate from nine to ten thousand men, but at present contain only twenty-six hundred. It has also a hospital, with two hundred patients, under the charge of Dr. Parker, a very excellent surgeon.

We visited Camp Parole on the 6th instant, and at seven o'clock, P.M., Dr. Schaff preached an excellent sermon to a large and attentive audience. After the congregation was dismissed, seventy-five remained for exhortation and prayer; twenty-five arose and spoke with very deep feeling of their religious experience, and of their determination, with the help of God, to hold out faithful to the end, notwithstanding the trials and temptations in the way. A young man, about twenty years of age, in very feeble health, stated, that, when he arrived a prisoner in Richmond, every article of value was taken from him, including his Testament; but he pleaded so earnestly for the volume, which he valued as his life,

that it was finally restored to him. As he told the simple story, he drew the little book from his pocket, and held it up to our view. He spoke with so much earnestness and deep feeling, that it seemed to be the outgushing of a heart flowing with love to Jesus. Divine services are held here three times every Sunday, and every morning and evening except on Saturday nights. Rev. J. C. Townsend and Rev. F. Colton are laboring at this station with much success. God's Spirit has been poured out in a very extraordinary manner; one hundred and twenty souls have been hopefully converted during the past few months.

Camp Parole has been established about two years and six months, but the Government has not yet appointed a chaplain to labor here. The spiritual interest of the camp has been entirely attended to by ministers and laymen of the United States Christian Commission, who have endeavored to preach the gospel in a faithful manner to the many precious souls which it contains. On the 7th instant, at six o'clock A. M., we left for the Shenandoah Valley, and were met on the way by Rev. Dr. Patterson, of Chicago, one of our most useful delegates, who has been for the last eight months in California, where he was sent in behalf of the Christian Commission.

We stopped at Sandy Hook at noon, and, in accordance with our custom, called a meeting of our delegates, Rev. Mr. Kitzmiller, Rev. O. M. McDowell, Rev. E. J. Stevens, Rev. Charles Whittier, and Rev. C. A. Votey, for prayer, consultation, and investigation of our work. We found all things progressing as well as could be expected. Dr. Boon and Dr. Hayes spoke in very encouraging terms of our organization and the work of the Commission. In

addition to the services of ministers and laymen, we have the assistance of Mrs. Hyatt, Mrs. Robins, Miss Southgate, and Miss Smull, who attend with indefatigable industry to ameliorate the suffering condition of the wounded men—numbering four hundred at this place.

We left for Martinsburg, and arrived at night, about eleven o'clock, just in time to meet a long train of ambulances coming in from Winchester and Harrisonburg, containing from four to five hundred wounded. We found our delegates, twelve in number, sleeping on the hard floor, wrapped in army blankets. We aroused them to work, and proceeded forthwith to the churches, which have been converted into hospitals, to minister food and drink to the hungry, fainting men, as they were carried in by careful hands. Much credit is due to the people of Winchester for their acts of benevolence, and their untiring attention to the suffering wounded, both friend and foe. Our delegates are busy here, as elsewhere, alleviating the distressed condition of the wounded, working with as much success as our means will afford.

We call loudly upon the benevolent public to aid our mission. Send us money, food, clothing—any article you can spare. Do not wait to be able to bestow largely. Small gifts are very acceptable, and many such will swell our stock, to fill our demand—the demand of suffering humanity. Mr. J. R. Miller, our Field-Agent, has had two years' experience in the work. He is active and persevering, and will get your goods through. We have our own teams; therefore, are not obliged to wait for wagons. All things are ready; send your money; send goods to the suffering heroes of our army, who have

periled their lives to save yours, your homes, and all you possess.

G. S. GRIFFITH,
Chairman Maryland District, U. S. C. C.,
Nos. 89 and 91 Baltimore Street.

The Shenandoah.

Waiting.

Ere hospital comforts, even, were to be had for the wounded, I stood by the dying with the only stores I possessed, to minister prayer and words of comfort. Said one early to me: "I expect to suffer here for a time, and waiting, I look forward to the hour when God's righteous purposes shall be ended with me here, and I shall be called up higher to that better world."

My Work is Done.

Rev. J. Harkness, of Cincinnati, N. Y., relates the following incidents from the hospitals at Winchester: Said Frank Skillman as he grew weak in death, "Tell my people my work is done and well done. Tell them to take God for their guide and follow Him. With me all is well." And he passed away, praising God.

The Music of the Dying.

Robert McCormick lay suffering from wounds, and felt he must soon depart. Calling me to him, he told me what he wished me to bear to his mother and friends, that his trust was in God, and he hoped to meet them where parting would be no more. A short time after I found him praising God in ecstasy of joy. "I was sleeping, said he, and as the band passed here it seemed the

music of heaven and of the angels. It matters not now to me if I die. All is well. Praised be God for this assurance." Thus praises fell from his lips till he fell asleep listening to the music of the angels.

Army of Potomac.

Lord's Supper Celebrated.

REV. JOSHUA COIT, BROOKFIELD, WIS., }
October 28. }

On the second Sabbath in October, we celebrated the Lord's Supper. About one hundred and fifty communed with us, nine for the first time. Some fifteen presented themselves for examination, and five were advised to wait a month, because we were not satisfied with the evidence they gave. Of these, one, J. Colby, of the 17th Mich., felt hurt, and was almost surly, at the time, but the next day with tears in his eyes, thanked us heartily for what we had done and said to him; for he had thought it over, and learned that he had been trusting in good works rather than in Christ.

Seventy Meetings a Week.

When the army is in a quiet state, we have been holding, in the 5th and 9th Corps together, about seventy meetings per week. Who can estimate the amount of good done by the Christian Commission.

Send, if possible, a more liberal supply of religious papers, also a supply of books for circulating libraries; both of which are needed now, and will be needed more

when the army is in winter quarters. Keep the same delegates in the field as long as possible, and the efficiency of the Commission will be greatly increased.

Respectfully yours in Christ,

JOHN VROOMAN.

What Soldiers Give for Us.

October 4th was a day of great suffering in City Point Hospital. The cruel hand of war had been at work again, and many noble men had poured out their blood for their country's cause, and many family circles were mourning the death of loved ones. With these feelings pressing upon me, I started at quite an early hour for my work, thinking that, by being half an hour earlier, I might alleviate, to some extent, half an hour's suffering of some poor soldier.

No sooner had I entered the hospital, than I found I was none too early. Near to the entrance, lying on his cot, was a young man of about 23 years, badly wounded by a gun-shot passing directly through his chest, and coming out through the shoulder-blade. He was suffering considerable pain, but no word of complaint fell from his lips. His name was J. F. Stillwell, of Co. H., 141st P. V. He had been in twenty-two different battles, and this was the first wound that he had received. A marked Providence had been about him, and it seemed that this was a loud call to be ready for death. He had formerly been a Christian, and was determined to seek for that love that he had once enjoyed. I conversed with him of home and friends, and wrote his sister, informing her of her brother's condition.

In the adjoining ward, I found a soldier, named

Joseph Spear, of the 57th P. V., severely wounded in the breast and back, lying between a couple of army blankets, the sweat rolling profusely down his face, with not a rag of under-clothing on him; his shirt and drawers were so completely stiffened by the blood from his wounds, that the surgeons were obliged to cut them off before his wounds could be dressed. This, though a painful scene, was a picture of heroic patriotism. A noble-looking, bright-eyed young man, of 19 or 20 years, having lost every article of clothing, and suffering from two severe wounds, lying between coarse army blankets, in a hot October morning (of Virginia,) with not only no word of complaint, but hopeful and cheerful, is an example of patriotism worthy of a citizen of the United States. Let those who profess to love their country, yet who will not sacrifice a few of the luxuries of life to save it from destruction, compare their patriotism with that of this young soldier.

I immediately procured shirt and drawers for him, for which he expressed his gratitude as only a man in his destitute condition could. To supply the wants of one such soldier, is worth a journey to the Army of the Potomac.

On a bed near by, in the same ward, was a soldier, named Shackley, of the 11th Mass. Volunteers, severely wounded by a ball entering one of his eyes, and coming out the side of his neck, just back of and below the ear. He was in a very destitute condition. I procured shirt and drawers for him, for which he heartily thanked the Christian Commission. Notwithstanding the severe wounds of this man, he was able to converse quite freely.

In another ward, near, I found a soldier just brought in from the front, named James Burk, of the 84th P. V.,

wounded very severely, the ball entering near the upper part of the breast-bone, passing almost entirely through the body, and lodging just beneath the skin between the shoulder-blades. His term of service had nearly expired, but he said nothing of leaving and going home; but remarked (with a little of the Irish brogue,) that he "thought he should be able to go in again in a couple of months." He was suffering for a change of clothing, those that he had on being saturated with blood. I gave him shirt and drawers, and he thanked the kind friends, whoever they were, that provided them.

In the same tent was a young man who had an ugly flesh wound through the thigh. I gave him a clean shirt, as the one he had on, he had worn three or four weeks after getting it on. As though forgetting the pain of his wound, he expressed himself thus: "Oh, that feels comfortable!"

The Teamsters.

At a meeting held among the colored teamsters, at which there were about one hundred present, about twenty-five rose for prayers. Some of these colored men are among the most earnest Christians that I have seen in a long time. The colored people seem very anxious to learn, and the delegates are establishing evening schools among them, and are meeting with very satisfactory success.

S. R. FULLER.

P. S.—The above is but a small part of the interesting facts of every week.

S. R. F.

Delegate's Report.

TROY, BRADFORD CO., PA., }
October 26th, 1864. }

Your Delegate, in submitting the above statistical

statement of his work, while in the service of your Commission, has to add his testimony to that delivered by hundreds of others to the great field for the effecting of temporal and spiritual benefit to the soldier, open to the Christian Commission, and to the good which, under God's blessing, its agents have been enabled to achieve. Very noticeable, too, is the welcome given in every tent to the Delegate, the respectful and thankful attention with which his ministrations, whether of counsel, warning, or reproof, are received—the gratitude evoked by even the smallest office of kindness, and the entire confidence reposed in every one who wears the Commission's badge. I think I may say, that during a ministry of fourteen years, I have never labored where there was so much earnest attention to spiritual truth, and so seemingly earnest a desire to profit by it, as in that City Point Hospital. With regard to conversions, while there is undeniably going forward a great work of grace in that department of the army where my work lay, I yet have ever felt an unwillingness to count up conversions; and am specially averse from doing so in the case of hospital patients; still I have good grounds for entertaining the belief that in several cases my ministrations have been blessed in leading souls from darkness to light. Comparing my own observations with the statements I have read in the public prints, I cannot divest myself of the belief that in rolling up the number of conversions. Delegates and other reporters sometimes "make haste." With all this, I must say, that I found it impossible to hold too many meetings, or to speak too often to the soldier on the great matter of his soul's salvation; and over and over again after having prayed with and ad-

dressed the patients in a tent, I have been requested to "hold another meeting as soon as you can, Chaplain," and taken my leave with many a warm shake of the hand, and fervent—"God, bless you." On several occasions, too, soldiers about to return to their homes, have asked me how contributions were to be sent to the Commission, stating that they had seen so much good wrought through its agency, and they themselves had been so benefited by it, that on their arrival at their homes they would make an effort, as one expressed it "to get up a box for the Christian Commission." Said a New England soldier, "The Christian Commission has done the army more good than Gen. Grant has; he works for this world; but you work for eternity. As long as I live and pray, I will pray for the Christian Commission: God bless every man in it." In reply to a remark I made, that with "several of the men in this tent, I seemed to have no influence in persuading them to attend to that prime matter which concerns them most, their soul's welfare," another soldier said, "You cannot read the heart, Chaplain: I know the men you speak of, and have heard it said, after you have had a meeting here, "These Christian Commissioners bring them things right home to us; don't they, boys? seems as if they did care for us soldiers. Let us *care for ourselves*."

Stores.

As to the good effected by the Commission in the distribution of stores, I need hardly say any thing further than that I intend, God willing, to canvass every town and village in this and the three or four immediately adjacent counties, when I hope to be able to tell my audi-

ences such things as will induce them to respond heartily to the cry which comes from City Point for "more."

Saved a Hundred Dollars for Mother.

Let me tell you how I secured one hundred dollars for a widowed mother in Philadelphia. Bill D—— is a private in the 91st P. V., a young lad about 17, somewhat thoughtless, and I regret to say given to card-playing; for which I had several times remonstrated with him, once, even threatening to report him, if I caught him at it again; that being an amusement particularly forbidden in the wards of the 5th Corps Hospital. One day he accosted me, "Say, Chaplain, could you get this changed for me?" handing me a hundred dollar Treasury note with coupons attached. "Oh, yes," I answered, taking it; but what do you want change for, Bill?" "Oh, well, you know a fellow wants something to spend, you know, and *that* is of no use to me as it is." "Well, I can get it changed for you," I said; but his card-playing propensities recurred to me, and willing to have a short talk with him, I sat down on the bed close by. In a round-about way I got him to talk about his mother, about his younger brother and sisters, about the Sabbath School he had attended, and about home affairs generally, till I saw he was in a very softened mood. He said at last, "Well, read that, Chaplain, and tell me if you think there is a better mother in the world than mine." And he handed me a letter he had but a short time previously received from home. I had Bill just where I wanted him, and handing him back the letter said, "I tell you what, Bill, the very best thing you can do with this note," (I had had it my hand all the time,) "is to

send it unchanged, to this good mother of yours." He paused a moment, and then, slapping his hand upon his thigh, as if it were a most wonderful and novel idea, he exclaimed, "By thunder, Chaplain, it's a good thought; send her the note." I walked off with Bill's Treasury note in triumph, satisfied that I had made a hundred dollars for his widowed mother; and with the conviction that Bill, with all his "harum-scarum" habits, had a streak of real goodness in him; one of the hundred ways in which the Christian Commission benefits the soldier. I would only further record my appreciation of the courteous and gentlemanly treatment which I uniformly received from the medical officers in charge of the 5th Corps Hospital, with whom, from my having been appointed captain of the hospital by your agent, I came much into contact.

J. GORDON CARNACHAN.

The Drummer Corps.

At (U. S. C. C.) Nelson Station, Warrenton Junction, Va., the corps of drummer boys numbered ten. One became very deeply impressed. Ashamed to let it be known, he sought retirement and secrecy in the woods for prayer. He found Jesus. His brother, older than himself, also a drummer, found the Saviour, and one after another followed until now the whole ten are rejoicing in hope of the glory of God, and sounding out the martial call to arms for Jesus to all around them.

REV. BENJ. WADDLE, Delegate.

First Rate.

Before leaving home, a little girl had given me ten cents, the first money which she had ever earned, and wanted me to use it in some good way for the soldiers. I bought a Testament with it, and determined to give it

to the most deserving and manly soldier that I met. For a long while it lay in my valise, for I felt that I had not yet found the man that seemed wholly to deserve it. At last, after Early's army had been beaten back from Fort Stevens by the Sixth Corps, I found a new and bright face in one of my tents, "How are you, my friend?" "First rate"—"Lightly wounded, then, I suppose"—he threw back the sheet and showed me that his right arm was gone, cut off close up to the shoulder—"Is that first rate?" said I. "Why it might have been ever so much worse," he said. Day after day, I found him just as cheery, patient and uncomplaining. At first he was overflowing with fun all the time, but the terrible heat and the strain upon his system from the loss of his arm, at last reduced his strength so much that there was only a merry twinkle in his eye when I came in, and a word or two of cordial greeting. Little by little I learned his history. The action in which he was hit was his thirteenth battle. The ball that had shattered his arm was the first that ever touched him, although in the battle of the Wilderness, a man fell dead on each side of him at the same moment. The time when he dropped his musket, and reaching around his right side, took his useless arm tenderly in his left hand and walked off the field under a shower of balls, was the first time that he was ever off duty since he entered the United States service. I think he was only nineteen years old, but his patriotism was so ardent, and his courage so magnificent that I could not but feel that our places had been changed, and that he had become the teacher. Just as soon as he was able to sit up he was busy with pencil and paper, training the muscles of the left hand to take the place of

those of the right. His face had grown pale and thin, his eye dull, his manner languid, and his voice broken, but his heart was still strong and manful as ever. The possibility of low spirits or complaint never seemed to occur to him.

I thought I should have to look long and far to find a more worthy soldier for my little Testament. He was eager to get one, as he had lost every thing in the charge upon the rebels. So I wrote his name, and company, and regiment on the fly leaf of the little book, and put in it how it had come from a little girl in the Connecticut Valley, who had given the first money she ever earned in order to buy something comforting for some brave soldier. As he read it the tears started into his eyes, and he said, after a moment, "I wish I had that arm, so that I could thank her myself." I felt that the book had gone to the right man at last. He told me afterward that he had been thinking much about it since he had been lying there, and he was going to try to lead a better life. I tried to show him where the best and highest life was to be found. I do not know whether he has yet found it.

A Savan in the Ranks.

I discovered a young Swede who had taken the first degree at the University at Lund in Sweden. He could converse readily in five different languages, and was familiar with Greek and Latin. He is a private in a Maine regiment of heavy artillery, a member of the Lutheran church at home, and a sincere and simple-minded Christian. He wanted a Testament. I asked him what language he wanted. He said he did not care, but, on being pressed, chose an English one, as he "was not so fa-

miliar with that." "How came you," said I, "with your fine education, comfortable circumstances, and excellent prospects, to come to this country and enlist?" "Why, I heard there was a war over here, and I came." The very simplicity and candor of this blue-eyed, flax-haired son of the North, and his perfect freedom from blood-thirstiness, puzzled me profoundly. "Did you find the realities of the war at all what you had expected?" "Yes, but better. I have looked into these things a great deal at home and in Germany, and I think no Government and no people ever took such care of their soldiers." The patience and almost contentment with which he bore his severe wound, his coarse fare, his absence from home and friends, and all the little things that would have worn upon most men of his education, &c., were an unfailing and incomprehensible marvel to me.

REV. H. M. WHITING.

Rev. Sidney Brooks, *Harwich, Mass.*, describes

A Prayer-Meeting in a Railroad Car.

While detained in Philadelphia by the cutting of the railroad by the rebels, and destruction of Gunpowder Bridge, an order came that all the delegates thus detained, should be sent to the late battle-field at Monocacy Junction, Md., where it was supposed about a thousand wounded men were lying. Assembled in our special car, which contained also our stores, while waiting for two hours, that evening, on the track on the west of the city, our brethren, fifteen in number, held the most interesting and impressive prayer-meeting that I ever attended.

Travelling all night, we arrived at Harrisburg about day-light, and reaching Gettysburg at noon, we took

wagons and, joined by ten other delegates, we arrived at Frederick late in the evening. Here we learned that all the wounded, 550 Rebels and 225 Union, had been brought in from the field—the former, by their own men, while they held the field; and ours, by the citizens of Frederick—the last of them that day. Leaving our stores and one-half the delegates, we returned to Philadelphia, and were sent on to Washington. Here I was assigned to Carver Hospital. Visited my 20 wards generally once each day—sometimes one-half each day. Endeavored to converse with every soldier in them. Did converse with nearly 300 in this hospital and other places, besides dropping a casual remark to individual soldiers at the front, while distributing papers.

The Soldiers' Best Friends.

I was soon struck with the readiness of all the soldiers to converse upon personal religion. I had misgivings when I saw an intelligent sergeant from Boston, who looked as if he scorned my efforts. I talked politics with him, to lead on to religion. It was of no use. Saw that it must be a direct attack. Said I: "Mr. F., are you a Christian?" "No; but I regard it as the choicest blessing. My very best friends that I have in the world, are my minister and his wife."

I followed up this case; but finding him gone when I returned from the front, I probably shall not know whether he became altogether persuaded, or is still a stranger to Christ. Passing out of a ward, a ghastly face caught my eye. Whispered in his ear, "Do you love God?" A chord was touched, though I never knew the precise nature of it. Tears filled his eyes. "Yes,

sir," said he. "Is Christ your best, your only treasure?" "Yes, sir," tears flowing afresh. This was the last and only expression I obtained from him. He sunk rapidly, and died, as I believe, in Jesus.

No Starch.

The first request I had was from a sick, and wounded man, whose body was mutilated with wounds, and his voice scarcely audible. "Can't you bring me a shirt, an old shirt with no starch in it? This new one is so hard to my wounds."

I mention this simple incident, as showing how the Christian Commission need those articles which neither the Government nor any other association furnish, but which are so essential to the sick men. But where shall we stop, when we begin to give incidents? I leave my seven weeks' work with regret that I cannot do more.

Respectfully yours,

SIDNEY BROOKS,

Harwich, Mass.

Out of the Mouths of Babes.

In one ward, there were three conversions, including the ward master. One of them was a member of the 111th N. Y. V., who, before his entrance into the army, had been a great wanderer. Being disabled in the battle of the Wilderness, he was permitted to go home on a furlough of a few weeks. When about to return, his little boy, of seven years, caught him by the knee, and said, "Pa, when will you come baek?" The father replied, "I don't know, my son, as I shall ever come

back." "Well," said the child, "who will be my Pa, if you don't come back?" This simple question found a lodgement in that father's mind. In the midst of the excitement and roar of the battle-scenes that attended the triumphant march of the Army of the Potomac from Fair Oaks to the Weldon Railroad—in all of which he participated—he could not forget the parting words of his little boy. And when I came to sit down by his side, and urge him to attend to his soul's salvation, the work seemed to be already begun in his soul. He at once made up his mind to seek Christ. The next time I met him, he was writing a letter to his wife, informing her of the change he had experienced—in which he also said to her, "I know now how to answer little Henry's question. Tell him the Saviour will be his Pa, if I don't come back."

The Revival at City Point.

Meetings were held in the chapel at Base Hospital, City Point, every evening, conducted by the delegates. Conversions occurred almost daily in connexion with these meetings. Over one hundred have been brought to Christ in these chapel services since the last of August. Fifty names were enrolled upon the record during my stay at the Point.

From My Own Native Town.

An incident of interest occurred while distributing articles among soldiers in hospital at City Point. A young soldier made application for a pair of socks. Upon delivering a pair to him, I noticed a gleam of joy lighting up his countenance as he exclaimed, "God bless her!"

"Whom?" I inquired. He replied, "The girl who knit these socks. I know her well. They are from my own native town, Meriden, N. H. And here is the name of her who knit them. A noble girl, and one who knows how to sympathize with the soldier too—for she has lost a noble brother in this war." He promised to acknowledge by letter the receipt of the socks, and I left him grateful to the Commission, as well as to the contributor of the socks.

At 5th Corps Picket Station, an officer came to me, and assuring me of his earnest sympathy with the Christian Commission, said, "If the Christian Commission realized as fully as we in the army do, the good they are doing, they would have reason to grow happy in their great work."

The Regulars.

In visiting the field-officers of the 12th Regulars, I received many encouraging words. They assured me that many valuable lives had been saved in the army of the Potomac alone, by the Christian Commission. "In the wilderness," said they, many, very many were saved by your delegates, and the necessities and comforts they administered.

Ministrations of Angels.

At front, during the night of October 27th, after the battles of Hatche's Run, we found ourselves busily engaged relieving the wounded brought back from the field. A lieutenant of one of the New York Batteries was brought to us, shot through the stomach. While laboring to soothe his anguish, and ease his trembling footsteps down the steep of a violent death, he raised his eyes almost swimming in death, and with tears striving

to force themselves in sight, he said, "Surely these must be the ministrations of angels." He died before morning.

T. F. JEWELL,

Adams, Jefferson Co., Pa.

Speechless Gratitude.

I had occasion often, during my labors, to witness the gratitude of the soldiers for the kindness they had received through the Christian Commission. Often did I hear them say, as a shirt, a pair of drawers, or a little jelly, or some choice fruit put up by careful hands, was given them, "God bless the Christian Commission." One man, about to be carried to a hospital boat to be sent north, took the delegate's hand and pressed it to his lips, in token of his gratitude—being too feeble to speak. He had just been furnished with a shirt, a pair of stockings, and a pair of drawers, to cover his nakedness—having been very destitute.

My work at Alexandria was in Mansion House and Fairfax Street Hospitals. Most of the patients in these hospitals were also convalescent, and many of them preparing to go north on furloughs.

On the Sabbath, I preached to the prisoners in Washington and Green prisons, and also to the prisoners (some of them slaveholders) in the celebrated Slave Pen of Price, Birch & Co. I also held a meeting in the hospitals of the Baptist and Grace churches.

I wish to record my deep convictions of the very high and important work in which the Christian Commission is engaged. It is an expression of the deepest Christian gratitude to the soldier, and a plan most happily devised to secure his temporal comfort, while it is most efficient

in securing for him the greater blessing of eternal life.
May God bless it even more abundantly!

E. B. TURNER.

A Delegate from Canada.

ALEXANDRIA, VA., May 16, 1864.

Many of the soldiers, when at home, were connected with our Sabbath-schools, and not a few with the several sections of the Church of God; but are afraid to let it be known to their comrades-in-arms; and it is feared that very many have gone back into the "beggarly elements" of the world. I have met with many instances in which soldiers have, by the efforts put forth by your delegates, been encouraged to confess Christ, and thus stand up for Jesus; while a goodly number have likewise been, by the blessing of God, brought to see themselves sinners, and yield their hearts to Him.

As a natural consequence, there is much ardent piety and devotedness to the service of God among the troops.

I have been very much blessed in this "work of faith and labor of love," and have received from many the blessing of Him "that was ready to perish." At no distant day I hope to be able to again pay a visit to the "Sunny South."

That it may please Almighty God to confound the enemies of the Union, frustrate their "hellish designs," establish the Union on a firm basis, and bid "the oppressed go free," is the earnest prayer of yours in Christ Jesus.

GEORGE CROSFIELD,

M. E. M. and Del. U. S. C. C.

H. ANNS, *Lincoln Co., Md.*

The Gospel among the Colored Troops.

The last two weeks my labors were given in behalf of the colored troops in the hospital at City Point. Here but few things were given out but reading matter and writing paper. The men were invariably grateful for the attention given and satisfied with what they received. Easily approached on religious subjects, many were encouraged in their Christian race, and others pointed to the Lamb of God. The desire among those who could not read and write, (for there were many,) was remarkable, and many, on being supplied with the requisite books and assistance, assiduously set themselves to work to learn. The army is developing the innate powers of the negro and making better *men* of them. God grant, that soon the colored man may take his *true* position in society, politically, socially, and religiously.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

HARRISON B. GARNERS.

Hungry for Reading.

But preaching the word is but a part of the delegate's work while in camp. A vast amount of good is done by way of the circulation of religious reading and private conversation with the soldier with regard to his spiritual welfare. Any printed matter is eagerly perused by the men, and especially that which comes to them through the Christian Commission.

So eager are the men for the publications furnished through the Commission that the delegate can hardly reach the opposite side of the camp, and have in his

possession at that point a single publication, though he may have started with as many as he could conveniently carry.

While engaged in this department of the work, I have had them crowd about me, and so close to my person, that I could scarcely reach my haversack in which were the small publications, or the package of papers under my arm.

Oh, that God would open the hearts of a larger number of the friends of Christ's cause to the wants and the spiritual necessities of those who have gone forth to defend our rights and interests.

The soldier while in camp will spend his time, if not in the perusal of religious literature, gratuitously contributed among them, thus making their salvation a peradventure, it will be spent in something secular, perhaps card-playing, or in a thousand other ways, foolishly wasting the time which, if greater exertion were made to give them religious reading, might be secured to them in making them wise unto salvation.

Ever longing for the success of the Institution,
I remain yours in Christ,

J. E. METCALF.

Chattanooga.

A Work of Constant Preaching.

In regard to the number of meetings conducted or participated in, I can only say, I was not aware that an account was to be kept of them, but usually I preached three times on the Sabbath, and always more or less during the week. But it was a work of constant preaching. I went from bedside to bedside continually, endeavoring to instruct the ignorant, comfort the disconsolate, and point the erring to Christ. Sometimes, this was to one alone—often it was so—but, at other times, it was to little clusters of nurses, and others who were well enough to get together, who always gave most respectful attention to what I had to say. And then and there I preached as I would any where else, simply but solemnly, the great doctrines of faith and repentance. And I am thankful to be able to say, that often it seemed as if the Spirit gave power to the words uttered. Often have I seen the tears course down manly cheeks, as the love of Christ, and the need of child-like confidence in him were made the theme of remark. Never did I meet a rebuff. Not an unkind or insolent word was ever uttered during a discourse, or while in conversation with any one of the many hundreds with whom I came in contact. On the contrary, the request was often made, "Come and see us again." As I was about to leave, one young man with whom I had conversed for some time, and who seemed a good deal cast down, said mournfully, "O, I think you ought to stay a little longer and talk with me." Of course I could not and did not resist his appeal.

During my first day's experience at Louisville, (for we were detained there two days,) in the "Clay hospital. branch C," I found a very sick young soldier, who, I thought, could live but a very short time. He told me his parents were pious people, but he had never professed faith in Christ. He wept as I urged upon him the claims of the gospel, and assured him that whosoever would might come to the Redeemer and have life. As I left him, he said, he "would try to give his heart to the Saviour."

Two old men in the same ward interested me very much. One of them, not a professor of religion, came and inquired if I belonged to the Christian Commission, and said he wished I would go and converse with the young man named above. I did so; but then, and afterwards conversed with himself, and found he was full of thought, and almost persuaded to be a Christian. I found him again, afterwards reading the Bible, a passage of which he wished me to explain to him. But I was obliged soon to leave them all, and never found them again.

After delivering a short and simple discourse, one evening, in Hospital No. 6, at Chattanooga, a poor man hobbled along up to me, and said he "wished I would go and sit down on his bed by his side, and talk with him." I did so, and soon found him in a very interesting state of mind. He said, that for two years he had been in the habit of listening to the teachings of Swedenborgians, and his mind was completely bewildered. He had prayed a thousand times, but he could not come to the light. I tried to illustrate to him the simplicity of faith, and assured him he would be accepted and forgiven, if he

came to Christ for life. As I left him, he urged me to come and see him again. I did so the next day. He said he thought he had gained some light, and that the illustrations of the simplicity of faith had to some extent cleared away the darkness from his mind. I promised to visit him again, and went soon after; but he had been transferred to some other place, and I never saw him again. I cannot think of him without cherishing the hope that the Spirit of God did, through my feeble instrumentality, make the word effectual to his spiritual and eternal good.

Many similar instances came under my notice, but they cannot here be told. But the work is certainly a glorious one. I cannot doubt but the great day at last will show that God was honored, and souls not a few were saved through the instrumentality of the Christian Commission.

I did not lose a day by sickness during my service. We ran the gauntlet both in going and coming. The guerrillas burnt a station-house at Woodburn, as we were going. It was smoking in ruins as we passed. They ran the train off the track, and fired into it just before my return. Wheeler destroyed many miles of the road while I was at Chattanooga, and we were all cut off from all communication with the north for some ten days. But I went and came, and labored while there without accident. In the midst of the sick and wounded and dying continually, the good hand of God was with me, and I still live to praise him.

Yours, in Christian fellowship,

R. S. GOODMAN.

Laporte, Ind.

The First Prayer.

"I was here, Sir," said a veteran soldier in one of the Washington hospitals, to Rev. H. M. Whitney, "when the boards of this floor were laid down, and this is the first time any one ever came to pray with us."

Said the Captain of the Georgianna to Dr. Patterson, proposing a prayer-meeting on board, "I have not heard a prayer since this war began."

Supplies for Atlanta.

Letter from Rev. W. A. Lawrence, Acting General Field-agent
U. S. C. C. Nashville, Tennessee, October 24th.

The hospital libraries are now ready to be sent out. Gen. Whipple, chief of staff for Gen. Thomas, called a few days since to see them. He ordered the thirty library cases, which had been made by order of Gen. Donaldson, chief quartermaster, to be turned over to the Christian Commission, and thirty more of similar pattern made for hospitals at Chattanooga and Atlanta. Through Chaplain Thomas' half-price arrangement with the publishers, and free transportation by Adams' Express, we get a choice library surprisingly cheap. Fifty dollars gives us one hundred and eighty books in good variety—religious, historical, scientific and poetical—such a library as any soldier or officer, who cares to read, will be glad to have access to.

On the opening of the rail-road to the front, I did not feel justified in asking for much transportation, knowing that the necessities of life must be sent to the troops before luxuries. (Pickles and onions are classed *luxuries*

in Georgia.) A few days since, I made a statement to chief quartermaster Donaldson, that we had in our store-room ten ear-loads of stores, and asked for three ears, one to Chattanooga, one to Huntsville, and one to Atlanta, as soon as the exigencies of the service would permit. The application came back—"Captain Brown will furnish Christian Commission one ear per day till *all* the within-mentioned stores have gone to the front." To-morrow, one ear goes to Chattanooga, next to Atlanta, next to Huntsville, next to Knoxville, then two or three ears to Atlanta, and the rest as we can get up the invoicees.

Send on those Apples.

Now, where are those two hundred barrels of apples from Pittsburg? We want to put them into the diet-kitchens all along the line, and, if possible, give to men at the front.

The demand for writing-paper keeps up. The thousand reams from Cincinnati will soon be gone. Our writing-tables are crowded at every station, and the letters we stamp and mail for soldiers who cannot get stamps, will average nearly a thousand per day.

Those Fifty Boxes of Grapes.

Those fifty boxes of grapes! Nothing could have been more appropriate! The ladies went through the wards, giving them to all the men on the cots, under the direction of the surgeons. Pale thin hands contrasting with the rich purple clusters they were holding—the thanks, smiles, and sometimes tears, of the soldiers, the light step and full hearts of the distributors, and the gratified look of the surgeon and ward-officials—they are things to be seen and felt, but not to be reported on paper. Every

grape had its value, and reached its spot. Blessings on the donors of those clusters!

Thirty-four Sermons.

Rev. William Coose's report:

We filled thirty-four appointments for religious services, at this station, last Sabbath. I am very hopeful of our usefulness in the winter campaign, the time for our "active operations." We are gaining in respect, and, I think I may say, affection, of the men every day. "Any thing for the Christian Commission!" called out a man at the depot, to-day, as he saw me struggling with a big box with our mark upon it, and, in a twinkling, his shoulder was under, and the box was loaded for the front.

Lord's Supper after the Battle.

Rev. Edward P. Smith, Chattanooga, writes:

"At four o'clock, we spread the table of our Lord, in our chapel, and the Christian soldiers filled the house. It was a touching scene—those battle-scarred men, each one feeling, "I only have escaped of my many comrades,"—sitting down in the communion of saints and of Christ, consecrating anew the life spared, and girding themselves for the coming strife."

INFORMATION & INSTRUCTION ABOUT SUPPLIES.

ALL good and suitable stores are welcomed, and all necessary freight and charges paid on them by the Commission, and are distributed by delegates of the Christian Commission personally.

WHAT TO SEND.—**MONEY**, by all means, if possible. We need funds to pay the expenses of our delegates and laborers in the field; for the purchase of books, tracts, papers, and for the purchase of delicacies and comforts *not* sent by your loving hearts, which are very necessary for distribution in the hospitals.

The Special Diet Kitchens connected with the largest hospitals, now in successful operation, where delicacies and wholesome dishes are prepared for the sick soldier with the same care and skill as at home by the ladies employed in the Diet Kitchens by the Christian Commission, involve a large increase of labor and outlay of stores and funds. We appeal to the friends of the soldier at home, to meet this great, but necessary expense.

Cotton Shirts, Cotton Drawers, Canton Flannel Shirts and Drawers, Surgical Shirts and Drawers, (with tape strings to tie, instead of seams at the sides,) Large Cotton Drawers (to wear in-doors as pants,) Dressing-gowns, Slippers, (if of cloth or carpet, with thick soles,) Sheets, Pillow-cases, Bedticks (single, for filling with straw,) Pillows, Pads for fractured limbs, Ring-pads for wounds, Fans, Netting to protect from flies, Housewives, stored with needles, thread, buttons, pins, &c., Handkerchiefs, Wash-rags, Old Linen.

Oat-meal, Farina, Corn-starch, Dried Rusk, Jellies, Soda Biscuit, Butter Crackers, Boston Crackers, Pickles, Jams, Onions in Barrels, Apples in barrels, Cranberries, Dried Fruits. Eggs are always needed. They should be carefully packed in boxes large enough to hold about 100 dozen, made with handles projecting from each end, made strong and packed **FULL**, well shaken down as they are packed, and sent by express. Good Black Tea, Chocolate, Lemons, Syrups. All preparations of the blackberry are of double value.

Good Brandy, Madeira Wine, Port wine, Cordials. Domestic wines are excellent in winter, apt to spoil in summer.

STATIONERY IS MUCH NEEDED, paper, envelopes and pencils. Send the best Books, Magazines, Periodicals, Pictorials, and late newspapers.

HOW TO PACK.—Pack in boxes. Barrels are not as good. Secure well. Boxes should not be so large that two cannot conveniently lift them into a wagon. Pack eatables by themselves. Never pack perishable articles, such as oranges, lemons, bread, cakes, nor jars of jellies and jams, with other goods. Bottles and Jars should, when possible, be packed in boxes by themselves, well filled with saw-dust or straw. Never pack Clothing, or Dried Fruits and Berries, with goods that are liable to break and spill. Tin cans should be soldered; all other modes fail. Stone jars should be corked and firmly bound with oiled linen or leather over the cork, and packed closely in saw-dust or hay, in boxes, never exceeding a dozen and a half in a box, and nailed strongly, to bear rough handling. Jellies in tumblers, covered with paper, and wines, cordials, &c., in bottles, with paper or other poor stoppers, are liable to spill out, and if packed with other things, sure to injure them.

HOW TO MARK.—Mark in plain letters and figures, with paint or ink on the boards—cards run off. On one corner, the number of the box according to the number sent by you in all, numbering your first box #1, your second #2, your third #3, and so on from the first sent to the last. On another corner, mark each box, as from your Society, giving the name, and **HAVE IT CONSPICUOUSLY ADDRESSED TO THE MOST CONVENIENT BRANCH OF THE U. S. CHRISTIAN COMMISSION, AS DIRECTED ON THE NEXT PAGE.**

To secure acknowledgments, and to save trouble, also send an invoice or list by mail, on paper, the common letter sheet size, written only on one side, specifying each box or barrel by number, and giving the contents of each by itself. Give your own name and post-office in full, with the name of your State. Place also another list or invoice of the same kind in the box, under the lid.

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